

Ghost town freewrite

by Avendor

The military green canteen sits on the dusty countertop,
it will be needed.
The evening sun provides the only light for this shadowy room,
and this seems fitting.
The journey is about to begin,
as a snake cools itself under the front porch.
The madman's writings are complete, and need deliverance.
I have volunteered for this task.
This man is not just a writer though, he cleans warehouses at night.
And this is important for him, for he feels obligated to be a worker
as well as a philosopher, commentator, analyst, and problem solver.
The money he gets from working goes first to his simplistic life,
and then to the World Wildlife Fund and a child in Ecuador
and now I am his envoy, if you will.
So I'm off to take a Greyhound to New York
to stay with relatives while I seek a publisher.
This scares me, as I am not in the best mental state.
As I have fears leaving this quiet outpost,
but this is important.
And so my summer begins with a trial.
While others are going to parties with James Mercer and Brian Burtona
at beautiful old homes in hip flower laden neighborhoods.
I carry the first and third world on my lonely shoulders.
But hopefully things open up for me soon,
that these fears cannot help but to run
and I feel once again
like an ocean being warmed by the sun
and walk out of this Sanitarium
emanating joy for everyone,
Selah...

Thoughts

by Michael Vance

Thoughts are like
feathers
They float free
in the breeze
one drifts along
and lands on my
face.
And then I sneeze
Got a Kleenex?

Civil Silliness

by William Adams

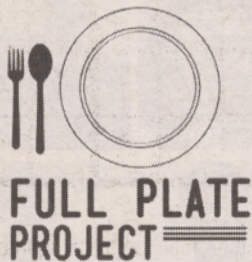
Has your day been pretty mundane?
Are you standing in line at the grocery store right now?
Wanna have a little fun, possibly liven up other people's day too?
You may even teach someone something new.
My friends and I have done this before,
And if it all works out,
And most times it does,
You will be amazed by the results.
When you get to the cashier,
Ask them if they accept Federal Reserve notes.
When I did this before, the cashier had no idea what they are.
This person then will call the manager,
After all the discussing,
Calling people,
And scurrying about trying to figure out
What a federal reserve note could possibly be,
The conclusion finally comes followed by a dirty look.
When you are finally walking out,
Do yourself a favor,
Don't look back.
There are most likely a few angry people in the line.
Paper or plastic, sir?

Casting

by Ron Saroff

Watch fishermen
so patiently sitting
casting
casting
with pleased smile
the next catch
sure to come.
Never a fisherman
I cast for memories
friends long gone
kindly relatives passed
questions unasked
history unknown
sparkly arguments
not concluded.
Now casting
casting
little hope
of fresh catch
dry memories only.

A meal, a smile, a hug, a listening ear –



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